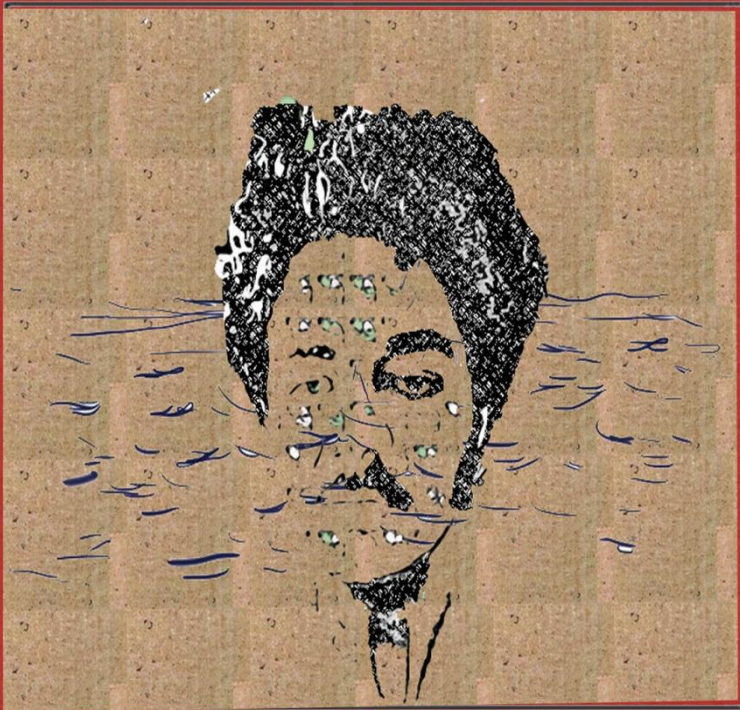


I'm an epic

elsaied abdelghani



I'm an epic

Elsaied abdelghani

To

Nina saied

How do I reconcile my heart to the world?

How do I reconcile my heart to the world?

And it is the one who broke it all?

In the places I'm nobody else,

But in the room,

And I flee from both and in both of the street
and the imagination.

Do you see the metaphor as a guide for
every wanderer?

And madness is the consequence of the poet
and the dreamer?

Waiting for the purest existential unseen
in her spectral face,
And her dance derived from the movement
of Satan in the throne of God.

agnostic

No one knows

Perhaps man is a clone of the cosmic codes

And my pain is felt by others

in another context

and another missing box called a world,

So I write and enter battles with my face in
the mirror.

Every human being is infinite

And we are included in a hot light that does
not panic,

And a communist sky that does not spare its
beauty.

The idea is mooted with many sighs

I am you to some extent

It cannot be avoided in the mind,

Budding from the point of biography of
everything

And the puzzle is always alive with benefit
and without benefit.

metaphysical candle

I believe all myths

Even the modern ones in villages and
science.

Myths are closer to me

Because language is poetic by nature.

Maybe I'm not there

Maybe the world is ruled by another people

And maybe many, many ...

But I'm also delusional

Delusion is a human right.

My legacy is some secret meanings and
words for the dead,

My legacy is many faults of the world.

My death happened a long time ago.

My tomb is tucked between the clouds

And the embodied form that is said to him I

Stray atoms gathered in the shell/world
store.

I believe I am a metaphysical candle

Indicates hell

And rebel in it...

I will walk if the path is empty of others

And if I fancy the path

And if it disappeared

diaspora

I'm distracted, honey,

Among many things.

I have repeatedly tried to arrange

My remaining passions

But I fail every time.

Without choosing I was plugged in this ruin.

I do not mean that this is a choice

And not forced by anyone,

But it is my will in my parts,

My dimensions,

Myself,

And my moods.

I don't know, did I tell you that I wander a lot

As if I'm completely out of the hard reality

Into a liquid cytoplasmic world,

I run behind spectrums,

Finally, I caught myself.

Nothing brings me back except the intuition
of my heart with your warmth.

I'm suffering from something I don't know
what it is,

This dinosaur in my chest
Which is called depression.

My eyes, as you can see, are full of blackness

My hands are always shaking

Meaning treatment acknowledged it works

But my nature is strange in demolition.

The world was a sad woman's heart

The world was a sad woman's heart

And the heart depicts everything.

It doesn't matter if anyone reads what I write

Writing has become a kind of making my
demise,

Binding turbulence and ash call.

Why did you create the impossibility, my
God?

And buried the possible in the beginnings of
love only?

I am the one who sought protection in hijab
and rejected it in vain

And his heart stoned him with faith.

The hollow room

The hollow room in which I think the world
in,

Distorted ghosts protruded and filled in

And there is no place left for to me.

How can i live

Among the selves that leaked from my texts?

How can i trade my life in the hands of its
wings?

How am I be seconds before my god?
Whenever I grow up, I lose my first name
Betraying my appearance.

Envy

I was jovial in childhood
Even the teachers warned my mom
People will envy my joy.
I didn't know that mythology could happen
And sadness eats my mouth.

Texts of suicide

My absence was not treason

For my promise to love even in the demise

But it is the world that closed my heart.

It tortured my foresight with the last
nothingness.

Attendance has become my unit

And it robs me of my care for my sensuality

I am the outcast heretic

My cry is priceless

And ash is cheap.

Get out, Lilith

Get out, devil

Get out, snakes

My shabby soul is your support for the sad
revolution.

Paradise is a place of colored ruin

For delusional fakers on the thresholds of
meaning

As for my heart, it is in the shrines of
malignant chaos.

I spoke the truth

To make my identity drunk,
And the world chases me and expels me.

I'm not a reflect to any text
Rather, for the dream of dervishes.

I walked down the path,
Not to dominate,
But to smooth the clay for shaping
And distinguish between imaginations,
which it is suitable for the future of the
indication.

The true niche is always obscured
And it's light to unknown
After diminishing in front of the world

As a dervish in front of his only destructive
Lord.

My heart has not expiate for few deeds of
the world

Which always breeds against me.

I am alone with my pain

We flirt with varying intensity of expression.

Nothingness is swimming in me

And in my path

It swells as I walk on the ground

And it shrinks,

When I am walking on the eggs of the
metaphor.

Cursed race is the poets
Absorb the torment of meaning
And they blow it into the language and in
their loneliness and the world
Like old snakes in distant forests.
The Sufi presence is above the place
Plane in colors
My figures of the dervishes are cruising with
the reflections of light in the blades of the
heavens
Their grief is friendly what they witnessed
from the meaning
Interpreters of the worlds without aesthetic
responsibility.

They are Unbelievers

Crazy

So give them what you want

They are beyond words

Damn you out

Out of your mind.

Ill is in sensory relativism;

Seeing the sea in a wine glass,

And the vagina hangs on the heavens of the
rose,

In a surreal damn turbulent stream,

A bipolar documenter for distant sounds in
the self,

Reduction in a poisoned and designed
connotation of the formations of the
authoritarian world.

How do I get out from outside

And from the sidelines?

It is the banks of shrubs on the horizon of
horizon?

My tourism in the distant paths

Cost me my dimensional brain

And my hope is empty of menstruation to
destruction.

I roll a gas pipe through the streets

As if I'm rolling the kingdom of dust
And civilizations criticized by the harsh time,
despite the feminine of its gods
I gnaw at the ends the nerves of the world
and drink its bitter marrow.

Everything stirs in me, poetry,
All my life I give for meaning,
As a debt that cannot be paid on the ecstasy
of writing.

I have the whole world in my head
I watch this poetic cinema
I'm a first head director,
The director of the flush now,

And the director of the first minutes of the
age of the meaning of life.

I left everything
And I went out of all doors
Towards the wild unknown.

I'm the stranger
And I always chase myself at first.
I am looking for grass of meanings that do
not exist in the world.

I'm expelled by Pantheism and alienation
Because I manifest everything.

I'm a runaway from diminutive language and
its magnitude;

Diminutive when my claws are complete

And the magnitude when I get lost.

The stranger is looking for his home from the
eyes,

He experiences the dryness of warmth in the
people around him.

My alienation has matured, oh my God

Corridors ripened for nothingness.

The Pomegranate of unseen mess up in the
last.

And the larger appearance in the mirror of
mine impressed the destruction.

I sufficed, oh my God, by myself from
company,

And with melody and silence from
fellowship,

And with wine for my self

And loneliness from the world.

I looked at the window

And the wind slowly shakes the curtain;

Empty powers,

Ailing meanings.

My heart clotted in grief

Ideas flowed one after another, unrelated.

My self is capable of forming all another self,

All human taboos are permissible.

How did you become such an internal
criminal?

Is it the pain of deep thought that
annihilated dualism?

Or is it an instinctive animal whim that I can't
stop if I'm weak?

I was drawn in contemplating everything
until I was blinded.

And writing I put it as the moving station
towards me and towards God.

How is my writing devoid of God?

It is the poet's absolute obsession

And the infinite poet needed only him?

People are surprised by my obsession with
him

And an obsessive identity of poetry

Not out of religious will or fear.

How do you treat him as a friend?

And I always believe that nothing is uncalled
for,

No matter how abandoned, hidden and
disappeared.

I went back to bed

I lie on the sheet of darkness

And nothing warmed me up but a lonely
rapture in my heart with music.

The street gave way to the unpleasant sound
of dogs

And what eternity threw in it from the
revelation

And I'm thinking of killing myself!

I am a huge spectrum in a crystal called
language.

I am a metaphysical trap on your way to
meaning.

I am a land that feeds on metaphor and
blood.

I want to be a normal human being

I want to be a normal human being

Wingless,

Without poetry,

And no extra worlds over my head before I
sleep,

And don't think too much about an orphan
point on a piece of paper, even.

I want to wait for things even if insignificant
one,

And to get used to wanting the world
Without asceticism and indifference quickly.

I want to be friends with the light in me

Without criticism or insult,
Life is not long
And some old man's clichés from the facts of
the stories.

I am not a narrator of my life
Not even for my poem
This is not a theological conspiracy on
predestination
But it is a class science for the grieving,
Euphoria from excessive pain.
I'm hunger to make delusion of meanings
and feasibility,
Happy endings,

And steal berries from the fields.

Getting lost in in our proliferating loneliness

Eternity may be a now we share our bed into

Eternity may be a moving metaphor for the
madness between our consciousness.

Come on in our proliferating unity that
doesn't include us.

In our conscience the unknown speaker,

In linking the navels of our questions,

Our common corpse in the nebula.

Our souls are collage of the whole world;

At the altar of the cavernous being,

Our souls are an absolute abstraction.
Our unity is our salvation from the thorns of
ego,

And no ego of our unity.

Depth is the extravagance of our radiance,
And what is reflected in the mirrors in which
I dreamed of the world.

To unite is the meaning integrated.

I do not wait for revelation from the
heavens,

I squander my beauty spells

I open my tired heart

And click closed jars for processing,

And restore my passion.

I do not wait for the poem like the others

At the last psychological setbacks.

The poem is not my mistress

It's my slave,

And the rest of the sin disclosure.

I insult her by writing

because it's a whole rotten stamp,

The fact that the demise will swallow
everything.

I miss it on the paper to test the essence of it
in the languages of others,

And it always has the ender of my sorrow.

I do not worship my creatures
Rather I worship my accursed feelings as
soon as I created them,
And the times of being a pimp of hideous
worlds.

Mercy

Have mercy on me.

Have mercy on me.

For the sad Orontes

For the lost fetus

Have mercy on my inability

Have mercy on my iniquity

Have mercy on my loneliness.

My heart is full of thorns

Domesticate it for abandoned me,

And my mind is an imposition of blasphemy

So make Sufi for my crucifixion.

I let your beauty down as I imagined by my
eyes.

And I betrayed your light by bereaving my
niche.

My sadness got bigger by your remoteness
and my labyrinth.

Nothingness swelled in my place
And my existence gets killed in my fear.
Have mercy on me.

First poem

I write in the first poem since I wrote
And my book begins with the end of it all.
I learn language, meanings and metaphors
every day
And there is no falsehood except what is
bullied over something
And it was from something.
I am the Prophet whose land hated him
And don't run and ascend,
And his god disappeared in plain sight.
You don't think I'm who
Said the sentences that you saw before.

I am the one you haven't seen yet, the
developed you.

I made my world on paper
And I destroyed it on paper,
And the paper has the sweat of all the
infinities on it.

Commit suicide

He intends to commit suicide

Because the world did not succeed in
robbing him of his reality,

Despite his persecution.

He intends to commit suicide,

Because he himself did not succeed in being
petty.

He could not resist more than the power of
the world.

Because of there isn't a feasibility of
resistance to him and the world.

The creator

*

The Creator is crazy in his people
Despite his pure prophecy and the labor of
salvation in it
The walkers call him dawn
Because he wounded the great a niche.
He is a fish that will die if it go out from truth
and meaning
His house is the first, the last, and what is in
between.
The creator is always sad because the
essence is tragic

And his eyes and what it fruits do not forgive
his feelings.

The Creator is the eaten of the gods
They deceive him with his madness and
horizon.

He does not pray until he is free
His verses are silent languages
And his carpet is the bed of the homeless.

In meaninglessness
They call him and he does not abandon the
call

Devour existence in his cell
He is the director of all Zoroaster.

His rut in biting the resurrection

And Excessive horizons.

Who met you and tied your navel

Except this eternal hand that kneaded
nothingness?

Extend your hand, Creator

To your cross and your killer

To tell him the explanations of the fire in
your heart

If he couldn't see, then he will not have you

And if he saw, he found you.

Do not try to create me as you will

Do not try to create me as you will, my friend

I have other qualities,

Will, response,

History from another notebook,

A grave between cacti,

And other means of suicide and another
reason.

Loneliness

I talk in my head with people,

In my paper,

In my dream,

The peoples are all immersed in loneliness.

There is no time in the imagination

Although everything is moving

There is no bossy place.

*

The lonely includes only what deepens its
loneliness and its ugliness, not what negates
it.

That is why I am interested in destruction
and what it contains, pain and what is
extended in the visible.

*

No one really knows him, because the lonely
man's identity is being activated only in his
solitude, not in the vicinity of anyone.

*

I am like a spectacle, not feeling the physical
and moral reality of the world.

*

I am so free with my life that I can do
anything with it.

o.

If my awareness will cost me misery and loneliness, I accept it. I no longer care about anyone who does not accept me with my wholeness, my straying, my sadness, my humanity, my freedom...

I no longer care about any personal accountability from someone who is tied, no matter how close or far, to my thoughts in a violent way. My hand is letting go of everyone, especially the bracelet.

From the severity of the pain, my tenderness no longer reacted in front of the petty and harmed people, or in front of the compilers, or in front of those who are not indifferent to me.

The free look is always dark, if he does not get out of his restricted society, because everything in it hurts him, and seeing the restrictions always hurts him.

My consciousness became sufficient to let go of anyone who wanted to leave and not even hold on to my life.

Nihilism

Do not be sad for the world, my friend,
Nihilism is very useful in grief
And for the damned and the bad guys,
It's a Resistance to the present and beyond.
It is better to lose your ability to hope
Because it's dangerous
And the world is random
He does not recognize your morals.

Impossibility mite

The more you abstract yourself, the deeper
the pain

The more you abstract yourself, the more
the side fades away

Whenever I abstract myself I get lost in my
head.

Sensory stability is a waste of surreal lexicon.

There is nothing in my eyes

All mysticism and tears are decayed by
impossibility.

Ecstasies

Almost all of my ecstasies are against the
norms and history of the world,

Drug, cup and symbolic language.

I write without wanting to write

Like a woman who aborts every minute her
child,

And does not bury him.

The most accurate and priced insights

I've ever seen were from madmen and
whores.

I don't want a rank in the beyond

This world is coveted,
With its heaps of sad stories,
Its plot is nihilism.

The Sufi heart only understands the meaning
of loneliness and wandering in it.

These walls are witnesses on me,

I don't want a rank in the beyond

And I don't want a rank on earth

I want a rose conjoins me and perishes.

Lonely

I walk alone

Leaving my mirrors.

Who wants to be seen,
has to be seen in the one who hurts him.

I spur the lands

I am fair in distributing warmth to them,
My heart has lost its youth because of my
loneliness,

And the Girlhood butterflies on my body I
hated it,

My feast is who tells me my truth

And overcomes my power.

I may cry wordlessly amidst my galaxies
shake off my orbits and my scarf,
my voice rings the first time I hear it
I am the creator of imaginations, I want to
commit suicide.

Poems

Poems, intoxication talk,

It could have been silent

But the mouth is persecuted from the
meaning

It needs to scream.

The poems could have been crimes against
me or others

But the evil of writing is deeper.

Poems are not a tool for paranoia

Metaphors are not masochistic

And man does not rise to torture the
mysteries.

Poems aren't a hook to stick in memory

To regain warmth

The content of old dreams.

It is complete wet silence.

Stoning

I stoned my imagination by language

Like the winds stoned the clouds,

And it ripen,

The clouds rock the earth.

Ripening is not in stillness,

Gnostic Tension is meaning.

I have to go back to my temple

Susurrate the heavens

By adjusting the distance between meaning
and pain.

The waves have not yet returned to another
shore

I have to change my coordinates

A point joins a point... and speech is born
cold.

Piles of little corpses... make a world.

Baby foxes don't know what's going on!

Loneliness softened and comforted me
Like a fierce wave refine a stone

Poison

I am a poison hidden in the times of your
ruin, O world.

I conspire against your good with runaways.

My poison made my pain

There is no justice in evil

The guilty and the innocent are damned.

But I must shed my wings

Evil is always earthly.

"I" is a grammatical and semantic error,

Language and speech error.

I gain myself by writing and lose it by saying

"I".

I am the plural form of which came out of
polygon.

I'm grinding for what there isn't
For nothingness with linguistic peels.

Symbols

We always talk by symbols

Words are poor

And the walls in the language are many.

But we drowned in discourses

Each of us for himself.

Lightness

I was lighter when I once loved
Although I was tired of the world and others
My imagination was full of colorful universes
And my eyes lead to the free paradise in the
coordinates of her body,
Even the language was soft,
Poetry was without words.
But in the room is my life
And in the restless autumn streets
In the empty tombs.
Myself is because of philosophy
It has no doors,

So it had been exposed to all toxic assets,
Its values are beyond greater things.

I'm

I'm a genetic liquid that froze

A chemical error popped out of nowhere

liquid crumbled from the back of Cain or
Abel,

sprout in time

Language, body and mystery.

A dream between two nothingnesses,
that exasperate over his richness of
interpretation.

The question of identity is the center of
modernist guilt and its orbit

Peace is the product of sleepers in
refrigerators

Roses age without picking
Cruelty is an attribute of the Creator
You didn't see your heart how it was
And how did it become after writing?
Did not see the life of a mouse in the death
Of cats!

I am mixed roots
Many things cover me and do not obscure
me
Many things expose me and do not undress
me

As narration
And love

And death.

I'm trying to disintegrate like a demon who
explains his evil to himself

I'm trying liquidity again with the severity of
a flood

I'm Waiting until I get rid of the plots

And eat completely myself

Like a fungus or a cancer that feeds on itself.

*

I am the knocker of history

Prowler for seismic maps movement

I do not reassure myself of the truth

Nor my sea on ships.

I am my first and last neighbor
And between them is my countries of many
books,

I'm the son of the outside and the inside

A dove that had been born from its son..

I go beyond what I know about myself
and what I define myself,

A mysterious gland that pumps into the liver
of all time.

*

The definition may also be negative

may be a point,

I am not a stake to the world nor to anyone

I Run away from being the rooster of center.

I am the sacrifice of the two parties to each
other

The divine and the demonic

And I'm their only son.

*

I strive to be

And make balance of my ability in language

And my power in the world,

And I slip like poems in old dreams.

*

I am who devoured by worms and plants

Foxes eat it
I'm who will be proud of only by the memory
Of forgotten people.